Prince Come hither Francis. *Francis* My Lord.

Prince How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Francis Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to

Poines Francis,

Francis Anone, anone ſir.

Prince Fiue yeeres, berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of pewter; But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart.

Poines Francis, *Francis* Anon ſir.

Prince How old art thou, Francis?

Francis Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhal be

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a peny worth, was not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines Francis. *Francis* Anone, anone.

Princes Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeede *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis My Lord.

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, caddice garter, ſmoothe tongue, Spaniſh powch?

Francis O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis VVhat ſir? *Poines* Francis.

Prince Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint, VVhat, ſtandſt thou ſtil, & hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to

to the gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let then alone a while, & then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poines Anon, anon ſir. *Enter poines.*

Prince Sirra, Falſtalffe and the reſte of the theeues are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Cricketes, my lad, but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made, with this ieſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of goodman Adam, to the pupil lage of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clock Francis?

Francis Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the ſonne of a woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotſpur of the North, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his handes, & ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet Harry, ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſaies he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falſtalffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne ſhall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Riuo*, ſaies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Poines Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of al cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile ſowe neather ſtockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the ſweete tale of the ſunne? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.